## Wessenger.

Gruth, like a torch, the more it's shook, it shines.

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## Che Casley Messenger.

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ions of our correspondents. All communications for the paper must be addressed to the Editors; MESSENGER, Easley, S. C.

## THE RING'S MOTTO.

The lover gave the wedding ring Into the goldsmith's hand; "Grave me," he said, "a tender thought Within the golden band." The goldsmith graved,

With careful art, "Till death us part."

The wedding bell rang gladly out, The husband said, "O! wife, Together we shall share the grief, The happiness of life. I give to thee My hand, my heart,

Till death us part."

'Twas she that lifted now his hand (O, love that this should be!) Then on it placed the golden band, And whispered tenderly; "Till death us join,

Lo, thou art mine And I am thine.

"And when death joins we never more Shall know an aching heart, The Bridal of that better love Death has no power to part, That troth will be For thee and me Eternity."

So up the hill and down the hill Through fifty changing years, They shared each other's happiness, They dried each other's tears. Alas, alas, That death's cold dart Such love can part.

But one sad day—she stood alone Beside his narrow bed; She drew the ring from off her hand And to the goldsmith said: "Oh man, who graved With careful art. 'Till death us part.

"Now grave four other words for me-"Till death us join." He took The precious golden band once more, With solemn, wistful look,

And wrought with care For love, not coin, "Till death us join." ----

-The motion for a new trial in the case of N B Freeman, selling liquor \$200; his counsel will appeal to the Su- and your grandchildren will come to derhand ways to break up non-Mor- was married to Miss Adelaide M. preme Court.

[From the Constitution.] ONE BY ONE THEY GO.

Marrying and Mating as the World Revolves -- The Children Forsaking the Old and Clinging to the New.

"She took our daylight with her, The smiles that we love best, With morning blushes on her cheek

And pearls upon her breast." One by one they go. They are always going, for the boys will run after the girls, and they pull 'em, and beg 'em, and flatter 'em, until they surrender, and then they marry and go. There is a sweet sadness about it, and for a while the house seems desolate. and the good old father and mother wander around and look lost and say nothing. I came by one of these deserted homes last night and saw the old folks through the window. The mother was knitting in the corner and business letters to the Publisher of the the old man looking fixedly in the blazing fire and smoking his pipe. I knew well what they were thinking about, for a young man had come after their child and carried her far away-the child they had nourished and loved so long and done all they could for, and now she was gone, gone for good. It is the course of nature, but somehow it humbles a fond parent in spite of nature, for a man, a stranger to his blood, to step in between and steal a daughter's purest, tenderest love, and take her away. Somehow it reminds us of our age and infirmity. The old pillars that sustained the house are decaying and growing weak, and the child seeks a new and more vigorous support. One by one they go; the boys and the girls, and the old homestead is but a place to visit and then go away again. We are thankful and happy when they come, and we know they love us still, but it is most always ought to come, 'for life is short and tie on the track, the first on Saturday that it will be necessary for his leg time is fleeting," and the old folks will night and the second Monday night, to be taken off, but Miles is not willing soon be gone. This devotion to aged On the first occasion the obstruction to have it done.

W. S. they rise to Heaven like incense, and nal. he feels better and nobler for his pilgrimage. I respect that man because he respects his good old mother, and if Here it is, the 23d day of November, I had a case for court I would submit and our esteemed friend W. T. Littleit to him with all confidence, and if I john, living near Jonesville, has handhad a large estate and wanted a faith- ed us a neat little box full of his secful executor, I would choose him. I ond crop of strawberries. They were part of the State who has been honorcan't help eruminating over these not all ripe, but they were of good things sometimes, for a feeling of sad- size, some ripe and some half ripe. If ness comes over me when I think of last week's frost had held off a few our own children who have left us, and days, Mr. Littlejohn could have boasare now domiciled in five different ted of having "a dish of ripe strawber-States-from New York to Florida, ries smothered in cream," in the When shall we all meet again. And month of November. - Union Times. there are more to leave us, and by and by they will all be gone, and our hopes | SEVERAL instances are quoted in a and joys will flutter and fall like the recent issue of the Salt Lake Tribune leaves upon a withered tree. That is of the futile efforts of Gentiles to enthe way I feel at times, but it is not the gage in business in Utah with success, way we ought to feel. It is not the The Mormons even if they want to behind shutters, the Judge refused the way I talk to other people. "Brace trade elsewhere, are compelled to patmotion, and sentenced the accused to up. old gentleman," I say, brace up. ronize the "Lord's Store," run by the church, and every effort is made in unman elect from the 5th S. C. District,

lively. Frolic with 'em, play horse and bear, and go hunting with 'em, and tell 'em stories, and hold your head up like a patriarch. Grow old Plain, S. C., Nov. 22, 1883.—S. J. gracefully, and be always ready to Wilson who runs a store at Simsonville,

BILL ARP.

MEETING OF DIRECTORS OF G. & L. RAILROAD .- The Directors of the in the direction of the store and Mr. Greenville and Laurens Railroad held Wilson and his clerk ran over to the a meeting at Cannon's store last store and found the window open. Wednesday. President Mauldin and After looking around they found a lat all the Directors were present, save and pair of boots and examining closer two, T. Q. Donaldson, Greenville, and found blood in several places on the M. S. Baily, Laurens.

tion of same, near Air-Line Depot.

tractor. It was determined teat as neighborhood and was a stout, ablebegin at each end, and the work push- another for the last year or two. ed vigorously to completion. The He confessed to having broken into prospects are encouraging.

elected Secretary and Treasurer, vice six the other. I don't think he was

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made to wreck the passenger train on borhood that has happened in a long a sacrifice—a sacrifice of time and mother the Columbia and Greenville Railroad time. I guess it will learn others a ney, and puts in peril their business on the high embankment at the cul- lesson. Dr. D. C. Bennet came down and opportunities. Nevertheless, they vert in Williamston, by placing a cross and dressed the wound. He thinks parents is mighty sweet to me. I know was seen in time to stop, but on Mona man of your town -- a lawyer of day night the train was about six hours stunding and distinction—who, every late, with the air-brakes out of fix, and change, persist in planting corn after month, goes by my house in a hired when the cross-tie on the rails was seen corn. The result is that they have buggy and spends a day and a night it was impossible to stop, but with re- bred a worm which eats the roots and with his aged mother in the mountains, markable good fortune the whole train which lives in the ground from year to and comforts her, and she looks forward with delight to his monthly visits.
gie wheel. The fiend who perpetrated
and fondies him to her bosom, and
these deeds should be caught at any
and fondies him to her bosom, and blesses him, and when he leaves her to cost and himself tied to the rails be- husbandry, which demands rotation of return to his wife and children, he fore an approaching train. Hanging crops, will therefore rid farmers of this knows that her prayers follow him, and is too good for him. -Anderson Jour-pest.

A DISH OF RIPE STRAWBERRIES.

isee you, and you must make things mon stores.

[From the Greenville News.] A Rogue Trapped at Simsonville.

brighten up the family hearth with a found about a week ago that some one venerable smile. We don't want any had prized a back window open while long faces in this sublunary world. he was at supper, and had gone in and Cheer up, and make folks glad to see robbed his money drawer of what little you. Never say die until your time change he left in it. Of course he set comes, and when it does come draw the his wite to work to eatch the rogue, and drapery of your couch about you, as at first tried it by waiting in a conthe poet says, and lie down to pleasthat, he set a gun with a wire attached so that the weapon would fire when the window was entered. Last night (Wednesday.) just before good dark the discharge of a gun was heard Capt. Kirk, Chief Engineer, made a by the name of Miles McMahan was ground. After further search a negro report of the preliminary surveys he discovered about fifty yards from the had made. The point of entering the store, who had crawled there and hid city of Greenville was determined, himself. Examination revealed the fact which is on the right, or upper por- that a whole load of shot had entered and lodged in his right leg about four About five miles of the line have been inches above the knee, and had shivered staked, and is now ready for the con- the bone. Miles was raised in this soon as five miles more are thus staked bodied man about twenty-five years and ready for work, the Engineer will old. He has borne a very bad name come to this end of the line and stake for some time and has been gambling off ten miles, when the grading will and loafing around from one place to

the store twice before, and said he took Gapt. A. B Byrd, of Greenville, was three dollars in money one time and M. S. Baily, resigned.—Laurensville after anything but money, as nothing else was found to be missing. All the neighbors, both black and white, seem -Two recent attempts have been to think it the best thing for the neigh-

-The government has now a colored storekeeper in this department. He has charge of Mr. M. H. Bryce's distillery. His name is John P. Wrag. This is the first colored man in this ed with such an important position. The pay of government storekeepers, we believe, ranges from \$3 to \$5 per day.-Keowee Courier.

Little drops of Printer's ink, A little type "displayed," Make our merchants bosses And all their big parade; Little bits of stinginess-Discarding Printer's ink-Bust the man of business And sees his credit sink.

Avery, of Morganton, N. C., recently.